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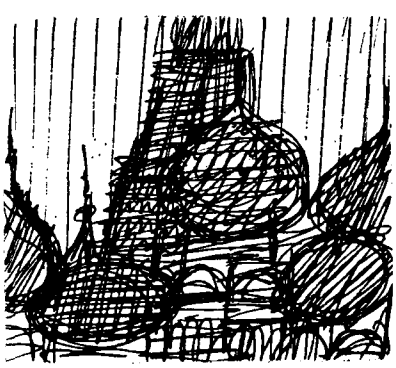

MIDDLE EAST IN CRISIS

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NEWS AND VIEWS

The resignation of John O'Connor as editor of the bright, flashy newsweekly of the Diocese of Wilmington, the *Delmarva Dialog,* points up a major problem of editors in the diocesan Catholic press: how to handle in a paper serving a popular audience questions of faith and doctrine that do not lend themselves easily to popular treatment.

The Church is full of such questions at the moment: clerical celibacy, divorce, abortion, birth control, the nature of the Eucharist, new concepts of authority, etc. The challenge is to carry material that satisfies thinker without alienating nonthinker. Not an easy job, and not always possible.

Complicating the situation, the better the editor, the greater his problems. For the more directly the editor confronts issues, the more upset becomes the bulk of his readers. The average reader of the diocesan press wants to be consoled and confirmed; he'll take pap by the shovelful, but, please, nothing too strong. The editor who changes the diet can expect trouble from chancery, pulpit, pew and home. John O'Connor encountered the trouble and has resigned from the *Delmarva Dialog* effective December 1.

O'Connor's difficulties at the *Delmarva Dialog* are partly financial; good papers cost money and O'Connor produces a good paper. They are partly ideological; O'Connor is an editor with progressive points of view unlikely to be embraced with fervor in the Delaware, eastern Maryland-Virginia peninsula. His difficulties are also procedural.

A diocesan editor doesn't have to be a partisan on Church issues to get into trouble these days with chancery and readership. All he has to do is publish articles that give all sides to the controversies that are current. The rest will take care of itself. Ask John O'Connor; he knows only too well.

Some day someone is going to become concerned about the diocesan press' lack of quality and its inability to attract and hold thoughtful young Catholics. John O'Connor's experiences, once in San Francisco and now Wilmington, will make a valuable case study.

•

The pastor of First Universalist Church in Denver, Rev. John R. Graham, believes that "the supreme issues of religion are found on lapel buttons and walls." For a recent Sunday service he taped brown wrapping paper (what else!) to the church walls and invited his congregation to express themselves in graffiti. A sample of the responses:

"God is a numbered Swiss bank account"; "When in doubt—worry"; "God may not be on our side, but we still have the heavy artillery"; "Dean Rusk is a Martian"; "Mellow Yellow—a jaundiced view"; "Yes, Virginia—there is sex"; "God is living with Mati Hari."

•

NC News Service cites "informed sources" at the Vatican to the effect that reform of the Curia is imminent. New norms regarding age are to be adopted. Invigoration will be brought about as follows:

"It is now believed that in the future the heads of office will be required to retire at 80 and the other officials at the age of 75 . . ."

•

Dan Herr's newsletter, *Overview,* reports revisions in the references to Martin Luther King in the controversial third-grade religion text, *We Follow Jesus.* Dr. King is still prominently mentioned, but deleted are such sentences as, "The Holy Spirit gives Dr. King the courage to continue his work . . . He is like Jesus."

Fr. James Killgallon, an editor of the text, said the sentences were being distorted and used out of context by a group of Chicago-area Catholics anxious to oust the book and the series in which it fits ("Word and Worship") from Chicago archdiocesan schools.

Originally the protest had racial overtones. Now, according to Herr, it is developing into an effort by right-wing Catholics to have all Council-inspired religion texts taken out of the schools.

•

Arguments against the *imprimatur* are many and convincing. They have also been less than availing. Churchmen, it seems, are determined to cling to the *imprimatur* until it has been either laughed out of existence or whipped as dead as the Index.

Bishop Leo Pursley of Fort Wayne-South Bend contributed to both possibilities when he withdrew his *imprimatur* from Fr. James Kavanaugh's forthcoming book, *Man in Search of God.*

The cancellation was based not on objections to that book, but upset connected with another Kavanaugh book, *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church.* Once again the issue was not contents, but alleged notoriety connected with *Look's* published excerpts.

•

Further evidence of the new bite in religion texts . . . Below, an excerpt from *The Servant of Peace,* book three in Harcourt, Brace & World's "The Roots of Faith" series for high schoolers:

"If we think with horror of the annihilation of 6 million Jews in Nazi gas chambers, our remorse should also extend to the 10,000 Jews massacred in Germany in 1096 by the Crusaders on their way to the Holy Land. When we speak complacently of our firm belief in freedom of conscience, let us remember the Christian laws that imposed baptism on Jews and forced them to sit for hours listening to explanations of the Christian faith. If we are revolted by Hitler's order that whenever Jews appeared in public they had to wear a yellow star, we should be reminded that it was the fourth ecumenical council of the Lateran that first ordered distinctive garb for Jews: in France, a yellow sphere; in Germany, the Jews' hat; in Poland, a pointed hat; in Rome, a yellow Star of David. The Jew was a marked man, and could be picked out easily by any mob or street corner gang for insult or for murder. Excluded from public office, from owning serfs, from joining the Christian guilds, Jews were forced into commerce and money lending." JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Of Novak and Prayer

Toronto

To the Editors: It is to be hoped that Mr. Novak's discussion of the prayer suited to the mature and modern person (" 'Gimme' is Dead," April 28) will be but the first of many on this topic. And, of course, any blows struck at a still all too common magical worldview and at the god who is the filler of gaps must be welcomed. . . .

But, even so, one wonders whether Mr. Novak's notion of reality is not a truncated and therefore unsatisfying and even dangerous one. Nowhere in his article does he explicitly equate God and the real world ("the dynamic, open-ended scheme of events") in the sense that God is no more than the sum of these realities. He does point out that functionally for man God is restricted to the secular; it is but a short step from that position to the conviction that God himself is wholly secular. It is a short but not a necessary step, and the fineness of the distinction does not invalidate the first statement. Few will disagree that "God speaks in a wholly secular way" (the biblical scholars have been telling us that for some time), but many will, I believe, insist that the One who speaks in this fashion is wholly other. It is this insistence that seems to be lacking in Mr. Novak's article.

Those who do, however, insist on this point will consider "the Christian adult's energy wasted if he looks for God" only if that search is based on the hope of determining *what* God is. If, however, as Christian, he begins from the conviction *that* He is, he will not be obliged (as the author suggests for different reasons) "to *imagine* [emphasis mine] someone . . . listening [to his prayer]". For the mature Christian, therefore, to pray will immediately be an explicit avowal of openness to the events of daily life, but ultimately to the listening Reality present in all reality.

I called Mr. Novak's apparent truncation of reality dangerous, and I do so because it seems to me to prolong (by

(Continued on page 399)

NEWS & VIEWS: 378 **CORRESPONDENCE: 379**
EDITORIALS: 379
MIDDLE EAST IN CRISIS: *William Pfaff* **382**
SAN FRANCISCO REDEVELOPMENT BLUES: *Harry Brill* **383**
PACKAGING PEAS AND BETTY BIRD FURNESS: *Norma K. Herzfeld* **384**
A WORD TO THE OLD BREED: *James O'Gara* **386**
UNCOMMON COMMON MARKET: *Sidney Lens* **387**
THE SVETLANA ERA: *Jeri Laber* **390**
THE SCREEN: *Philip T. Hartung* **392** ***THE STAGE:*** *William J. Smith* **393**
VERSE: *John Moffitt* **394**
BOOKS: 395

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A PEACE OF RECONCILIATION?

At this writing, a cease-fire has been accepted by all the contending parties in the Middle East, and the world—at least the non-Arabic world—can heave a sigh of relief. Israel gambled on a resort to violence, and won. World War III will not begin in the Sinai desert—or not this time around, anyway.

This is not to say, of course, that all is now well in the Middle East. The basic situation there is a perilous one, and what the cease-fire provides is time for a longer-range settlement to be worked out. If that cannot be done, our last state may indeed be worse than the first.

One cannot begin to estimate the effects of the Middle East crisis without taking into account the psychological impact of the Israeli military triumph on the parties directly involved. The Arabs have for years been near-paranoid on the subject of Israel; a previous loss made hate-Israel rhetoric a vital—and usually heartfelt—ingredient in any Arab politician's store. An even faster and more crushing defeat this time will leave wounds even harder to heal. To cope with such sensitivities in a mature and responsible fashion will require political balance and responsibility of a high order. Unfortunately, such qualities have not been singularly evident in the Arab countries.

As for the Israelis, the perils in their victory are obvious. How could they help but rejoice at the valor of their fighting forces, at their spectacular victory? After a steady diet of Arab threats and denunciations, how could Israelis do anything but heave a collective sigh of relief as their forces seized all of Jerusalem and drove toward the Suez and the Jordan? After centuries of being cast in the role of victim, most recently and preeminently in Hitler's gas chambers, the Jews this time were victors. Jews in Israel or in America and their friends would be less than human if they did not take pleasure in this fact.

After the first flush of victory, however, it is our hope that the civilian

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voices of moderation will be those heeded in Israel. No one can reasonably expect the Israelis to throw away the fruits of their valor; what can be asked is the realization that Israel's historic contribution to the world is that of Athens, not Sparta.

The problems ahead are monumental, but in one way the U.S. and the West in general came out of the crisis better than they had any right to expect, for the increasingly crucial problems in the Middle East have been ignored. The Soviet Union is clearly intent on making trouble for the United States wherever possible, escalating pressures on us in response to our own escalation in Vietnam, and the Middle East provided a made-to-order opportunity. Nonetheless, the White House-Kremlin hotline was used to avoid any potentially fatal miscalculation, and direct Soviet intervention with its inevitable consequence of a head-on confrontation between Russia and the United States was avoided.

Feverish diplomatic efforts will now take place to bring the Israelis and the Arabs to a conference table. Among the goals for such a conference, these are probable: efforts to work out new rules for passage through the Suez Canal, from which Israeli ships have long been barred, as well as the Gulf of Aqaba; an effort to limit or eliminate arms sales by the big powers in the Middle East; discussion of desperately needed plans for economic development throughout the entire region; a new and serious attempt to deal with the problem of the Arab refugees from Palestine; and, hopefully, a peace of reconciliation, involving an attempt to fix Israel's borders, not by international guarantees but by treaty with its Arab neighbors, which would mean Arab recognition for the first time of the reality of Israel's existence.

What are the prospects at the moment? The first thing to be noted is that an overnight solution is extremely unlikely. Negotiations over the Middle East will be difficult and will probably drag on for months. Another point to be emphasized is that in these negotiations, as in all such bargaining, the results will not be and should not be completely satisfactory to either side. On the one hand, international pressure and a decent regard for the opinion of mankind will urge Israel against clinging to every inch of territory it has conquered. On the other hand, after months and years of threatening Israel with extermination, the Arab nations can hardly expect that Israel will give up the margin of safety it has now purchased by force of arms, unless this concession is accompanied by a realistic peace treaty and credible guarantees of Israel's security.

THE ELKO FIASCO

The case of Bishop Nicholas Elko of the Byzantine Rite Diocese of Pittsburgh is curious, involved and, on the facts available, difficult to assess. Bishop Elko heads a diocese that extends from Western Pennsylvania to California and Alaska. It numbers 142 priests and 222,712 people. Given recent ecumenical emphases, all Eastern Rite dioceses have a crucial importance as bridges between Rome and Eastern Orthodoxy; because of its geography, this is especially true of the Pittsburgh Byzantine Diocese.

The problem in Pittsburgh, however, is that Bishop Elko seems not a sensitive strategist for the new emphases. The qualities of firmness and rigidness that commended his appointment to Pittsburgh in 1954, when the Byzantine diocese was reeling under a different episcopal crisis, appear not to be easily adjustable. In a day when Rome is anxious to increase rapport with Orthodoxy and impress it with goodwill and understanding, Bishop Elko pursues old hard-line policies.

At least so charge a number of Bishop Elko's priests and people. Bishop Elko is said to have refused to receive back several priests who left years ago for the Orthodox Church. Likewise, Byzantine parishes that drifted to Orthodoxy and which have lately sought to reunite with Rome have been forced to "convert back" through the Latin Rite. There have been other troubles, including unrest among students at the diocese's Seminary of SS Cyril and Methodius.

The net result of these and other tensions is that a group of priests of the diocese (best guess 35) originated a formal protest to Rome. Rome, in turn, dispatched

NEXT WEEK

Next week's issue will be devoted principally to the issue of abortion. Sample quotes:

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS: "The (Roman Catholic) bishops' role of championing the unborn child's right to life is in stark contrast to their sublime indifference to the slaughter of the innocents in Vietnam."

JULIAN PLEASANTS: "We have so long relied on condemning actions as intrinsically evil that we have been sent reeling by the discovery that there are no intrinsically inhuman actions."

THOMAS WASSMER, S.J.: "Catholic moralists have not so absolutized and polarized life that, where there was doubt of its presence, other values have not permitted its forfeiture."

ANDRE E. HELLEGERS, M.D.: "We have laws affecting trusts, inheritance, and compensation rights of the unborn, yet it would seem that we are about to change some laws so that the unborn shall have no right to life itself."

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an apostolic visitor (Bishop George Biskup of Des Moines) to Pittsburgh. Bishop Elko, meanwhile, was summoned to Rome.

There was no commotion, and care was taken to cover tracks. Not until the *Pittsburgh Press* started checking whispers several months later did the news break that Bishop Elko was "under investigation" and, according to the *Press,* "held incommunicado" in Rome from the parishioners of his diocese.

Six months have ground by since Bishop Elko was called to Rome. Rome, presumably, is proceeding toward a decision. Through it all, however, Bishop Elko remains under a cloud of scandal. And Catholics, to arrive at another grievance, go without one official word of information about what is taking place. It is a silence as shocking as any of the facts and all the fancies of the charges against Bishop Elko.

When the story about Bishop Elko broke in the *Pittsburgh Press,* the Church reacted with characteristic disregard of public relations. A spokesman at the Apostolic Delegation in Washington would say only that Bishop Elko was in Rome "on business" and that sometimes this business "takes a week, sometimes it takes a month, sometimes it takes a year." The vicar general of the Byzantine diocese declared "the only thing I can comment on is the weather." The diocesan newspaper confined reference to Bishop Elko to a single clause in an ordination story, saying another bishop would be replacing Bishop Elko, "who is in Rome." From Rome came nothing, except, much later, a lonely letter from Bishop Elko to the *Pittsburgh Press.*

A major distress in all of this is the failure anew of Church spokesmen to have absorbed the affirmations of Vatican II and the recent American hierarchy statement on the right of Catholics to information about their Church and the attendant obligation of those in authority to see that information is made available. No one is demanding that the Elko case be bared in all its details; there are legitimate considerations of discretion and privacy to be taken into account. But those apart, Catholics have a right to know something of what is going on. To date there has been only what the *Pittsburgh Press* has been able to turn up for its readers and for others to rewrite.

Without presuming to judge the case, the charges against Bishop Elko seem, on face value, sufficiently serious to demand a look into. Certainly those concerning relations with the Orthodox do. At stake there are policies about which Rome cannot be careless without jeopardizing much that it sought to affirm in the Council and continue through contacts with Orthodox Christianity. However, the investigation of Bishop Elko cannot be pursued as it has been without hurt of a different kind being done values equally important and equally provided for in the Council documents—specifically, the Catholic's right to information and his right to be treated as a mature, full-fledged member of the People of God: his disregard in the Elko case has been not merely preconciliar but medieval.

CHRISTIAN UNITY

The decline of religious pluralism may lead to an American church with Roman Catholicism at its center. This was a prediction recently made to the General Board of the National Council of Churches by Dr. John E. McCaw, professor of church history at Drake, in a progress report on the relationship between the National Council and Catholicism. "America was conceived in pluralism," he said, "but its history has been the constant reaching for consensus."

In England, Anglican Bishop John Moorman of Ripon said the Church of England is "approaching the greatest crisis in its history" and within a few years may have ceased to exist. The Bishop had previously made known his conviction that the days of the Anglican Communion as a "national" Church were over and that the question now was whether it would merge with the "Reformed Church family" or with the Roman Catholic Church. "At the Reformation," Bishop Moorman said, "two different kinds of churches emerged out of the turmoil: a) those which were truly 'reformed'—i.e., by keeping all that was good in the old Church but getting rid of abuses which had accumulated during the centuries; and b) those which thought the old Church beyond repair and tried to create a new one based on the evidence of the New Testament." Anglicans and Lutherans followed the first course, Calvinists, Presbyterians, Baptists and others the second. Now the Church of England faces the crucial question again; once more it must decide on its future. "The decision is as to whether it wishes to survive or not," the Bishop said. "Many people hope not."

At almost the same time in California, Episcopal Bishop C. Kilmer Myers called for "one church under one God" and urged all Christians to recognize the Pope as the head of the "universal church." In a sermon delivered at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, Bishop Myers said: "We need a Holy Father. We need a father who can speak and witness to the whole human race, quite simply, as the presence among us of the Fisherman." And later at a press conference Bishop Myers said he acknowledged the Pope as the "chief pastor of men" and the "chief spokesman for the Christian community in the world."

What is the significance of these three separate events in three widely separated places? We do not wish to claim too much for them. The dangers of an exclusively American church, with or without Roman Catholicism at its core, are obvious, and Dr. McCaw himself cited some of them. As for Bishop Moorman's analysis, others in the Anglican Communion will find it easier than he to contemplate unity with the "new" churches rather than turn to a pattern of Christian unity with Rome. And in Amer-

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ica Bishop Myers himself noted that "the so-called 'Black Protestants,' for whom the very name Pope is anathema, will probably be outraged." Nonetheless, all three of these events seem to us to indicate once again the deep-seated desire for unity that is an ever more important fact in the Christian world.

No one can say how Christian unity will come or precisely what form it will take. No doubt every gesture in that direction must be carefully scrutinized and every statement greeted with caution, as the Vatican did in the case of Bishop Myers' sermon. Nonetheless, it should also be made clear that the basic drive toward unity is welcomed by all of us, including Rome. And this attitude of openness should be matched by practical steps to remove stumbling-blocks and help unity along; we are thinking here, for example, that more should be heard from those Roman Catholic theologians who suggest that too much has been claimed for papal infallibility in the past. In our time the role of "chief pastor of men," to use the phrase of Bishop Myers, was preeminently filled by Pope John XXIII, and in this connection it might be well to recall how he once described the purpose of the second Vatican Council. That purpose, Pope John said, was to make the Church, by what she was, the most telling argument for Christian unity. It is with this task that we should still be primarily concerned.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

MIDDLE EAST IN CRISIS

By the time this is read it will no doubt be possible to congratulate the United Nations on consolidating its Middle Eastern cease-fire, the Israelis on the brilliant completion of their blitzkrieg, and the Arabs on their enterprise, if not their success, in blaming Anglo-American airpower for their defeat.

Given the fact of another Middle Eastern war, it undoubtedly is best that this is the outcome—that the Israelis, unaided, win as brilliant and conclusive a victory as possible. This is the outcome most likely to buy another decade of embittered peace in the Eastern Mediterranean. It is also the outcome most likely to perpetuate Arab hatreds, and most of all their hatred of themselves —that corroding consciousness of impotence and isolation which is more destructive to the Arabs than to any enemy. With even the Soviets abandoning them, what is left to them? They are alone with their calamity.

They have ardently and blindly courted this outcome. They have always, even proudly, refused to admit that pose and passion must be related to political reality. Islam, they say, is a culture of poetry and rhetoric, not of prose and practicality. Of course the Arabs have had a defensible case against the establishment of Israel and the displacement of the Palestinian refugees in 1948. What with hopeless stubbornness they refuse to acknowledge is that the Israelis, and the foreign powers who sponsored Israel's establishment, have a case as well. They have refused to grasp that the argument from history, or even, if you will, from principle, is of little consequence in the Middle Eastern present and future. Israel exists. The Arabs, alone, are powerless to change that. No Arab ally, least of all the calculating Soviets, will change it either. Either they accommodate themselves to this reality or—with Israel's assistance—they destroy themselves.

Even President Nasser, who has, I think, claim to a not unimpressive place in the post-colonial history of the Third World (surely as good a claim as Kemal Ataturk), is his own victim—the chief victim of Arab folly. His actual record of behavior towards Israel, as opposed to his record of rhetorical violence, has been fairly prudent over-all. But for internal Arab reasons and in pursuit of Arab leadership he armed and supported the Palestine Liberation Army—as before 1956 he armed the *fedayeen* terrorists. One of his purposes was to control and direct forces which otherwise could turn against him. When the Palestinians' provocations led the Israelis seemingly to prepare an attack on Syria in mid-May, Nasser adroitly intervened, expelling the UN peace force and closing Aqaba. Now he, not Palestinian adventurers or the pathologically irresponsible Syrian government, was in control. And the Israelis were compelled to turn about to face an entirely new situation. Nasser obviously wanted to stop at that point, to hold his gains. If the great powers had their way he probably would have been successful, keeping the blockade of Aqaba and enjoying a political triumph among the Arabs and over Israel. What he did not adequately allow for was Israel's reaction. The Israelis understood as well as he what was likely to happen if an Aqaba settlement were left to bargaining among the Americans, British and Soviets.

What is astounding is that having created a stark diplomatic and military confrontation with Israel, and knowing the Israeli record of aggressive military retaliations and the economic and military pressures which make a prolonged state of mobilization impossible for the Israelis (their economy is all but crippled when reservists are called up), Nasser and the other Arabs nonetheless allowed themselves to be caught by surprise and their air forces to be destroyed on the ground. I say it is astounding; it also is evidence of the universe of passionate fictions within which the Arabs function.

The Israelis, heaven knows, deserve this victory, as

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they have earned every one of their military and political victories. Nor is it clear that any real alternative has existed to the Ben Gurion-Dayan policy of ruthless exemplary retaliation to Arab provocations, pursued since 1948. A few Israelis have wanted dialogue with the Arabs, concessions on the refugee issue, that serious attempt at settlement which never really has been made. But there is little reason to think that the Arab governments would have responded. The Arabs preached Israel's conquest—or the leaders preached it to the masses while expressing, often enough, a private skepticism. They kept the refugees an unassimilated population languishing in United Nations camps—an enduring public reproach, they believed, to Israel. And they insisted on keeping on with a little war against Israel, a matter of terrorists and boycotts and propaganda. They always expected the great powers to save them from the consequences. The United States would restrain Israel. Russia would defend them. The Israelis, by contrast, never relied on the great powers. After the European fate of Judaism, the Israelis are supreme realists. One of Hitler's legacies is an Israeli view of the world which calmly expects the worst of the world and acts accordingly.

Israel has survived by systematically destroying every Arab threat and every Arab illusion—last of all the illusion that Russia would, or could, stand by them. They have mercilessly demonstrated to the Arabs Arab impotence and futility. One wonders, though, if this can go on without demoralizing Arab political society. The Israelis, with some reason, may dismiss such speculation as of the most remote concern to them. Yet it does concern them, for in the long run—looking ahead decades, not years—they cannot thrive amidst ruin. Indeed, one cannot help but wonder whether this series of events since 1948, this unwilled collision of peoples who, before, had no reason to hate one another, may not be seen by historians as having fatally undermined the Arab political renaissance that began with the Wafd reformers in Egypt early in this century and the Arab revolt of 1916-1918. The intellectual accomplishments of that renewal have not been great. But there has been political, and more important, social change on an imposing scale. Egypt, where the most has been accomplished, is governed for the first time since the pharaohs by Egyptians. An administrative and technical middle class of native Egyptians has been enfranchised and strengthened. More important, for the first time in history the *fellah* has been incorporated into the body politic, has been socially and politically enfranchised.

In this situation of halting and difficult change the essential Israeli challenge is not really one of territory or the expulsion of native Palestinians. It is the intrusion among the Arabs of an essentially European society of great technological and industrial accomplishment, well-governed, powerful—unified, confident, even arrogant. The Islamic civilization into which it is wedged is one of considerable richness, sophistication, and of a brilliant past, but it is a civilization which has hardly begun to assimilate the modern experience of mass social organization and government, of industrialization and exploitative technology. Israel's challenge to the Arab world is a moral confrontation, posing a reproach to Islamic society.

The one Arab state which is largely indifferent to Israel is Lebanon. It gives lip service to Arab unity but also cultivates something suspiciously close to neutrality in the Israeli-Arab struggle—a neutrality which Israel tacitly has respected. The reason is not simply that Lebanon is small and weak. It is that Lebanon is a nation of dizzying commercial successes, of brilliant international enterprise, and of a fairly widespread prosperity. Lebanon's political society is a fragile triumph of intelligent compromise and political ingenuity. In its own way the Lebanese accomplishment is as impressive as the Israeli, and one result is that Lebanon is perfectly able to coexist with Israel.

There will be peace in the Middle East only when, as between Lebanon and Israel, the moral confrontation has been removed. The events of recent days have undoubtedly bought a few years of security for Israel. But they have done so at an inevitable cost which may prove greater than anyone now is prepared to acknowledge. The Israelis, in the years to come, face a great choice between seeking reconciliation or perpetuated enmity. The choices they face immediately in such matters as territorial claims and the creation of a new population of refugees, bear crucially on that great choice. WILLIAM PFAFF

San Francisco Redevelopment Blues

San Francisco's Redevelopment Agency is headed by an aggressive director, Justin Herman, who'll feed the city to the bulldozers if he remains unchecked. He recently submitted plans to bulldoze an 87-acre area in the downtown section called Yerba Buena. These plans were blanketly approved by the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD).

To the citizens of San Francisco, Yerba Buena is better known as the South of Market district because it's south of the main drag, Market Street. Unlike North of Market, where the financial and entertainment centers are located, Yerba Buena is the home of light industry and poor residents. There is also a skid row element here, which the Redevelopment Agency played up as a serious eyesore. But in reality, Yerba Buena is much less skid rowish than other sections of the downtown community.

The several thousand poor people who live in Yerba Buena include two minorities: Negro families and the

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single aged, mostly Caucasian. In order to save their homes, these two groups, normally strangers to each other, banded together into a residents' association to combat redevelopment.

A research committee, including myself, was then formed to supply ammunition to the rest of the organization. We soon learned from the federal manuals that the Redevelopment Agency is required to demonstrate that the proposed renewal area is really a slum, and that displaced residents will be relocated to standard housing at rents they can afford. Also, where minority people are affected by renewal, their recognized leaders must be consulted during the planning stages of the project.

The Agency's official reports to the federal government failed to meet any of these conditions.

To justify demolition, the Agency must prove to HUD that the extent of neighborhood deterioration makes rehabilitation impossible. It must actually show that a certain given percentage of buildings in the project area are dilapidated. The Agency met these standards by applying the local building code retroactively, even though the code is intended just for new construction. In other words, the Agency counted many buildings as dilapidated because they didn't comply with updated physical standards, effective only after these structures were built.

To assure that displaced residents would not be relocated to *worse* housing, the federal government forbids redevelopment agencies using one standard to justify displacement, and a still lower one for relocation purposes. This is precisely what the San Francisco Agency had done.

In its official report to the federal government, the Agency considers relocation housing standard if it has received a permit of occupancy from the Board of Health. Yet over half of the hotels in Yerba Buena, where the aged reside, possess these certificates of occupancy *even though the Agency had designated most of them as "substandard to a degree warranting clearance."*

To make matters worse, the residents discovered that the Redevelopment Agency also stated in its official report that "dwelling units in buildings not having a permit of occupancy may be standard." In other words, any residential building in the city could be considered adequate for relocation purposes according to the Agency's standards.

The rent issue was the major concern of the South of Market residents, since virtually all of them are living in poverty. Poverty is particularly acute among the aged, for whom medical bills pile up. So low rent is especially crucial. Most of them are paying under $40 per month in Yerba Buena, and also enjoy the added advantage of being within short walking distance from inexpensive downtown restaurants and cheap movies.

The Agency's Director, Justin Herman, assured these residents of housing at rents they can afford in another downtown district called the Tenderloin. But residents who have moved around the City say rents in this North of Market district are considerably higher than those they pay currently. The U.S. census reports confirmed their observations. It showed rents to be more than 50 percent higher in the Tenderloin than in South Market. Even the Agency's own consultant officially reported that pensioners are being displaced in the Tenderloin as a result of increasing rents.

The Redevelopment Agency claimed that it didn't anticipate any problems finding housing for Negro families at reasonable rents they can afford. Certainly the Agency is able to obtain priority for them in public housing. But these families had no desire to move to these federally sponsored projects, where, for one thing, rents in certain cases are higher than in private housing. Many families to be displaced in Yerba Buena would be required to pay rents exceeding $100 per month in the projects. Secondly, though it's certainly not the policy of the current Housing Authority administration, public housing projects in San Francisco are, for the most part, racial ghettos. Yerba Buena, on the other hand, is an integrated neighborhood, containing racially balanced schools. As one Negro resident put it, urban renewal means a return to ghetto life.

Negro leaders in Yerba Buena were not consulted in Yerba Buena nor were the aged, as the federal government requires. The Agency actually argued in its official report that, since local civil rights groups have been alerted to take a strong position in opposition to urban renewal, consulting with Negro leaders would not be constructive at the present time. In short, the Agency is prepared to consult only with those organizations who support its proposals. Irate citizens brought this matter to the attention of the federal government. Nothing ever came of it.

HARRY BRILL

(Mr. Brill is Research Director for the San Francisco Neighborhood Legal Assistance Foundation.)

Packaging Peas and Betty Bird Furness

Labor and consumer groups are learning to live with the Betty Furness appointment as the President's consumer adviser after their first startled objections. Miss Furness is learning to do her own shopping in Washington (she always did her own cheese shopping anyhow, she asserts). Mrs. Esther Peterson has turned from her consumer chores to being a full-time Assistant Secretary of Labor in which she will tighten occupational safety standards and increase work opportunities for youth and women. She leaves behind her as something of a monument the Truth-in-Packaging law which goes into effect

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in July, a monument shared by Senator Hart of Michigan who handled the legislation. This new law is filled with exceptions, loopholes and voluntary regulations, but it will standardize and clarify labels on as many as 8,000 different grocery products. It may eventually help you when you are faced with this simple problem:

The monster detergent box weighs nine pounds and 13 ounces. It costs $2.25. Inside it has a free coupon for seven cents off the next box you buy. The giant detergent box weighs three pounds and three ounces, costs 69 cents. You stand there blocking the aisles for ten minutes trying to figure out which is cheaper. It is better to grab a bar of soap and slip along with the crowd. This kind of problem may be solved by law.

The pursuit of "truth-in-packaging" will always be a will-o-the-wisp because endless proliferation seems to be an inherent part of the technological system. Technology can't stand still. Technology means merchandising. Merchandising means packaging. Too much packaging generally does away with simplicity and elegance. While Marshall McLuhan's dictim that the media is the message is still being debated, it seems virtually certain that the package has become the product.

The ordinary consumer world is made up of plastics and paper. For the ultimate in plastic packaging, take the bargain tourist flight from the East coast to San Juan in time to catch the snack tray. The airline courteously explains to you that since this is probably the cheapest flight in the world, they are being pretty decent to furnish you with any kind of food at all. The stewardess hands over a tray featuring a rectangular dish. When you remove the clear plastic top, you find on the white plastic bottom three "sandwiches": diminutive strips of bread about three inches long, filled respectively with ham, cheese and turkey, pressed down to a half-inch width as inseparable as prime matter; one small stuffed olive, one half-inch pickle, two barely visible sprigs of parsley, plastic salt and peppers, a white plastic cup with three and a half cashews and one brazil nut. Also on the tray is a white plastic flower with green leaves, a tiny plastic tube of mustard, a clear plastic knife, a white plastic spoon, a foil-wrapped ounce of cheese, a paper bag of sugar, a minute white plastic container of milk, a black and white plastic coffee cup which eventually gets filled with coffee, a white plastic cup with nine white after-dinner mints, a small cellophane-wrapped package with two crackers about one by three inches, a petit four approximately one and a half inches square with chocolate icing (or is it really plastic icing?).

Undoubtedly the packaging is there just to make the entire monumentally insignificent conglomeration "look like something." This, in truth, *is* packaging. But an even more fundamental packaging problem is eating away civilized underpinnings.

Suppose you want to buy some peas—simple little round green vegetables. You can buy little baby early peas frozen in butter sauce, sweet peas with tiny whole onions frozen in butter sauce, sweet peas frozen in cream sauce, young tender sweet peas frozen in butter sauce, green peas and potatoes with cream sauce, green peas and pearl onions with selected seasonings, green peas and celery with selected seasonings, green peas with sauteed mushrooms with selected seasonings. If you look carefully, you can still find the archetype—simple little round green vegetables, plain. But my instinct tells me that eventually even these will disappear, to give the consumer a so-called "greater variety of choice," to be replaced perhaps with late giant June green peas wrapped in ravioli.

At one time you could easily purchase plain white toilet tissue. Nothing can give you a more smug feeling of the superiority of American civilization than to come home to it after traveling in Europe. The European product either has a high glaze suitable for polishing semi-precious stones, or betrays a high density of assorted wooden splinters and old matchsticks. (And at London Airport each wretched sheet is even stamped "Government Property.") Anyhow, as white bathrooms gave way to colors, plain white paper gave way to colors. (Was it a problem of matching or camouflaging?) Then cute little "decorator" prints were added. Now it is beginning to come "delicately scented." I can't even imagine the next proliferation, but it is already getting difficult to find plain white.

Being a nation of immigrants often intent on burying our individual origins, perhaps we are only too happy to bury every origin, lose every original. (This is not to say that *every* original is worth keeping.) Thornton Wilder once wrote something called "The Merchant of Yonkers." It became a stage play for Ruth Gordon, rewritten as "The Matchmaker." It was a movie for Shirley Booth. It has been an inane musical called "Hello, Dolly" for Carol Channing, Mary Martin and a host of other entertainers. It will be a movie musical soon. Who can remember the origin after all that merchandising?

What we seem to be doing is destroying archetypes, placing ourselves further and further away from reality, falling away into a vulgarized world where everything is replaceable by everything else. Constantly replaceable. The package is the product. Maybe people *do* like the packaging. It may occasionally be convenient or diverting. But in the long run "substitute gratifications" do not really gratify and they can destroy the individual's capacity for real gratifications. They certainly derange discernment.

Perhaps that's why a flesh-and-blood social reformer can be replaced by a television merchandiser as presidential adviser on consumer affairs. Or why another famous woman merchandiser who has been especially successful at "selling" an airline by painting the airplanes pretty colors and packaging the stewardesses can also become a presidential adviser.

NORMA KRAUSE HERZFELD

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

A WORD TO THE OLD BREED

If there is any lessening in the anxiety and uncertainty felt by many Catholics in the wake of Vatican II, I don't detect it. These feelings are not confined to the laity confronting the new liturgy or possible changes on birth control or the like; priests and bishops feel similar anxieties. And in the case of both laity and clergy, the mood of uncertainty is complicated by the presence of what has come to be called the New Breed.

I can't claim to fall into this category myself; I can perceive fifty too plainly on the near-horizon for that. But I see a few of them, and my younger colleagues would probably be counted as leaders of the hardy band. So I do have some contact with the New Breed—enough to venture a few guesses on the matter, anyway.

The New Breed probably look revolutionary to most of the bishops, and I would not deny that some of them are a swinging bunch. They see the spirit of reform as one that requires willingness to take a fresh look at anything and everything, and they are more than willing—they are eager, a fact that startles traditionalists and makes their attitude far different from the static pre-Council view of the Church.

This questioning attitude on the part of the New Breed extends to the most central and sacred of Catholic beliefs, and sometimes this fact strikes others as downright blasphemous. All the formulations an older generation learned so painfully are being rethought. No doubt all this ferment was there under the surface before Vatican II and would have come out anyway, but the Council brought it all to a head at once. Now it is not at all an exaggeration to say that a revolution in thought patterns and ways of behavior is underway in the Church, and it is hardly surprising if this revolution brings anxiety in its wake.

The rethinking and reformulation of Christian truths that is going on, then, is a central part of the reason for our current anxiety state. I suspect, though, that another very large part of the problem comes simply from the New Breed's penchant for direct action and blunt speech. Those of us who are a little older may have had ideas about reform in the Church as far-reaching as those of the New Breed, but we grew up with more respect for what I guess could be called tactics. In those days before Pope John and *aggiornamento*, we were used to reluctant bishops and foot-dragging pastors. If we couldn't get what we wanted by the front door, our inclination was to try the side- or back-door or even a window or two if necessary.

The New Breed couldn't care less about all this; its members want in the front door—now. They have no regard for tactics at all—indeed, some of the roundabout method sometimes involved in carefully choosing one's tactics strikes them as downright dishonest. I am not saying they are right or wrong; I am simply reporting what I think is a fact. And this fact makes all the difference, for it leads many of the younger men and women to write or say just what is on their minds far more vigorously than Catholic dignitaries are used to. Many times it's not so much what the New Breed actually say but the way they say it that puts the conservatives' backs up.

I don't see much help for this but time. Time will help bishops and others of the Old Breed to get accustomed to the spade-calling of the New Breed; then too, time will mellow the New Breed a little, and we may yet see John Leo hobnobbing with a bishop or two. But in the meantime there are one or two often-overlooked aspects of the matter which offer some comfort.

For one thing, it should be emphasized that what is involved is not basically lay-clerical tension, as some would describe it. There is, I suppose, a certain amount of this, but its extent should not be exaggerated. Instead it would make more sense to talk about lay-episcopal tension or, better, tension between layman and lower clergy on the one hand and the bishops on the other. Priests are definitely included. We have had much talk in the Church of late about the role of the layman and of new worlds for the emerging nun. Similarly, many priests are trying to re-think their relationship with bishop and people and their role in general—sometimes with surprising results. Indeed, I have met a few priests lately —not all young, either—who make the lay New Breed look pretty mild. If the bishops don't know this, they should. And if the bishops don't know that light-years separate most of them from the New Breed, they should know that too.

The New Breed's tactics—or lack of them—may irritate, but if one ignores this annoyance the basic issue that confronts us is relatively clear. It is not layman vs. clergy, or bishop vs. priest, but *aggiornamento* vs. standpattism, liberalism vs. conservatism, reform vs. status quo. Will the spirit of renewal, of Pope John and Vatican II, prevail or not? What we are now witnessing is the struggle of men, lay and clerical, who want to make the Church more relevant, against those—again lay and clerical—who want everything to stay more or less the same. Ultimately, I have no doubt, the forces of reform will win, but we will see plenty of lively battles before that day.

JAMES O'GARA

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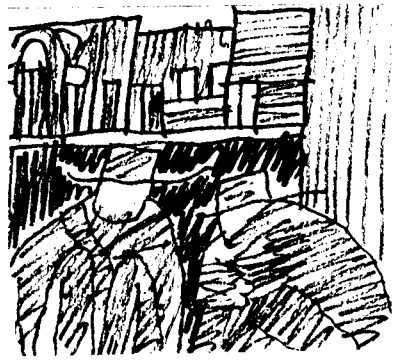
UNCOMMON COMMON MARKET

Thin disguise for a foreign industrial invasion

SIDNEY LENS



A "common market" between nations is the Lord's own handiwork—if it redounds to the benefit of underprivileged nations and underprivileged people. But it is a devil of a deception, if, as at Punta del Este some weeks ago, it is a transparent scheme to tighten further the noose of foreign dominations.

With characteristic exuberance, Dean Rusk called the Punta del Este decision to form a Latin American common market by 1985 the "most important" one made by the 19 republics since they gained independence from Spain and Portugal. If that is so, the historic character of that three-day conference in April seems to have eluded the heads of state.

President Gustavo Diaz of Mexico summed up the underlying anxiety. Though he is an eager friend of Lyndon Johnson's, he stressed over and over again, in his televised report to the Mexican people, the fears of economic overlordship. In guarded language, as befits a weak nation speaking to its goliath next door, Diaz urged the area to "base economic development, progress and welfare *on its own effort* and only to accept help from outside . . . in a fitting and *complementary* form." He warned that "the economic integration of Latin America would make no sense if it served only to benefit big companies *that represent interests foreign to ours.*" (Emphasis added.)

Here, in a nutshell, was the pervasive fear that engulfed the 19 republics which were represented at the Conference of Presidents of the Americas.

Theoretically a common market should be a great step forward. It should lead to political unity and explode into life the dream of Simon Bolivar for a United States of Latin America. But a plan may be virtuous in the abstract and deadly harmful in reality.

Prospective Advantages

The common market is supposed to bring in its wake two significant advantages. First, a group of nations working together to set common tariffs are capable of winning greater trade concessions from stronger powers such as the United States. The common market in Europe deals with Uncle Sam as a near-equal. Secondly, and more important, the common market opens up new opportunities and spurs efficiency and industrialization. As things stand, an automobile plant in Chile or Bolivia has a potential market for only a few thousand cars. It cannot manufacture automobiles; at best it merely assembles parts imported from the outside. But when trade barriers and tariffs are abolished between the 19 Latin American republics (Cuba, of course, is a pariah) the market extends vastly to include 240 million people and makes big factories profitable. Even allowing for the fact that half these 240 million people are so poor they are outside the money economy entirely, and that the purchasing power of the rest is not comparable with that of the United States, a market this large has singular opportunities. Two or three big plants, say in Buenos Aires, Bogota and Sao Paulo, could manufacture autos from top to bottom much as is done in Detroit, then ship the product to sparsely populated places such as Chile, Bolivia or Paraguay. With a mass market Latin American nations would soon become industrialized and more efficient, escaping the strait jacket of economies based on single

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raw materials such as oil, sugar, coffee, bananas, tin, copper and cattle.

This at least is the noble theory. The question is: For whom would this be a grand opportunity? For the natives, or the outsiders?

It is a distressing fact that, with rare exceptions, Latin American firms are unable to compete with the corporate giants of the United States. Brazilian companies complain that while they are suffocating under a credit squeeze imposed by their government, North American businesses wax fat because they are "able to bring in foreign funds." United States concerns also have the advantage, of course, of five or six generations of industrial experience. In any competitive struggle it is inevitable that they will inundate the area. What is more, since there are so many industries which native capital has not begun to explore, North American firms can be expected to have a field day, without any competition to worry about.

This is already happening to a small extent in the old banana republics where a Central American Common Market (CACM) has been functioning for seven years. There has been a sizable incursion of North American refrigerator and pharmaceutical plants, helping to raise gross national products by a couple of percentage points. But the economies are on firmer ground than previously and, as Henry Lee observes in the *New Leader,* "few benefits . . . have yet trickled down to the poor, sick and ignorant."

Problems or Opportunities

Put crassly, the present Johnson plan is not aimed at solving the problems of Latin America so much as increasing opportunities for North American industrial investment. The pragmatic American President is aware of the unhealthy status of U.S. enterprise below the Rio Grande, and seeks to correct it. Of the $11 billion U.S. capital in the 19 republics today more than half is in extractive fields, petroleum and mining; only one-fifth is in manufacture. By 1983-84 the lush concessions enjoyed by the oil companies of Venezuela, representing more than a quarter of U.S. monies in the area, will terminate. The public utilities owned by Uncle Sam are in a shaky position, many of them having been nationalized. Aside from that the U.S. just has too much surplus capital at its disposal. Its holdings abroad have pyramided by 450 percent since the end of the war, yet extra corporate money demands ever more outlets. What better solution than to remodel Latin America's economy for that purpose? The common market will open up a virgin area for Uncle Sam's industrial corporations and banks, as never before.

The outlines of this projected penetration are already evident. "A major push by U.S. banks into Latin America seems to be under way," reports *Business Week.* Bank of America is negotiating to buy out Banco Guanabara in Brazil. Chase Manhattan has purchased the Banco Atlantica in Honduras, largest in Central America, as well as outlets in Peru, Brazil and Venezuela. It also contemplates operations in Colombia in the near future. First National and Morgan Guaranty have formed an investment bank in Brazil. A particularly disturbing new feature —for Latin Americans—is the tenency of the U.S. to gain command of existing native corporations, rather than build *new* productive facilities which add to the economy. One hears this complaint frequently in Brazil where North American insurance companies are buying their way into local firms at an increasing pace.

Now the tempo is to be accelerated. The term "economic integration" is a thin disguise for a foreign industrial invasion. That is why Rusk is lyrical in his assessment of Punta del Este, and President Diaz of Mexico and others so worried.

The 19 republics, with Ecuador courageously dissenting, accepted President Johnson's proposal for a common market at the Uruguayan resort because there was little else they could do without jeopardizing the aid they now receive under the Alliance for Progress. That Alliance has been less than a lyrical success, but like heroin it is habit-forming. The Latin American economies have remained so sickly that much, if not most, of the Alliance funds have gone to buttress the weakened currencies of Brazil, Chile, Colombia and others. The land reform, tax reform and other reforms which President Kennedy spoke of as *quid pro quos* for U.S. aid became dead letters before the ink was dry—the oligarchies had no intention of turning over the tiller to the underprivileged. The result has been that the mass of Latin Americans, the peasants, workers and slum dwellers, are still outside the pale, probably worse off than in 1961. Certainly that is true in Brazil, the Dominican Republic and Argentina. In ten years Latin American income has risen a mere $40 per person (as against $175 in the developed countries). The target of 2½ percent per year boost in individual earnings, exceedingly modest to begin with, has only been half met; and when allowance is made for the upswing in middle- and upper-class income, little has filtered down to the lower classes.

Yet, in rhetoric, the Alliance at least spoke of the *need* for social change. It used such terms as "revolution" which acted as a spur to peasant groups in some places to take matters into their own hands. Now even the rhetoric is quietly jettisoned. Washington seems convinced that there is no longer a major danger of Castroite revolution and consequently no need to cater to nationalist sentiment for reform.

The Declaration of the Presidents emphasizes this shift. It speaks of "multi-national projects" (roads and communications), of increased "foreign trade earnings," higher "agricultural productivity," "education for development." But structural changes are downgraded to insignificance. The social status quo is good enough for Johnson and Rusk, so long as the economies are modified

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through the common market to absorb globs of U.S. industrial capital.

In their vision the "new" Latin America will boast the industrial chimneys of North American corporations, with the feudal subsurface relatively intact. Under the common market U.S. industrial firms will penetrate where mostly extractive industries have dared to tread up to now, probably doubling or tripling over-all North American investment in a decade or two. But, allowing for a little of this activity and wealth to spill over to the native *comprador* class, there will be only a trickle to relieve poverty. U.S. investment on this basis can only mean two things for Latin America: further foreign domination, and a further freezing of the social status quo.

Military Integration

What is more, everyone knows that the common market (read: U.S. investment escalation)is only the first step. On Rusk's drawing board is a plan for military integration to supplement economic integration. He did not propose it at Punta del Este because the moment was not yet propitious. There was too much opposition to establishing a multi-national army—controlled naturally by the colossus of the North—that would put down revolution wherever it reared its head. The Brazilian government, which has become Uncle Sam's major satellite, cherished the idea, but there was not enough sentiment by others to carry it through. The idea had to be dropped momentarily; it will doubtlessly reappear soon.

This too must be considered an integral part of the Johnson formula. Reliance on military force and military dictatorship is now a cornerstone of U.S. policy for the Latin republics. It takes not only the form of direct intervention by North American marines, as in the Dominican Republic on April 28, 1965, but indirect manipulation of the native armies to seize their governments whenever disaffection nears the point of revolt.

The fact is that more Latin Americans are living under military dictatorship today than when the Alliance for Progress was first formulated. The reason is obvious. Conditions are not improving; they either stand still or grow worse. Latin America's exports have risen by a mere 3.9 percent in the last decade and even this has been more than gobbled up servicing the foreign debt. In 1956 only 6 percent of the money earned from exports went to pay interest and principal on outside loans; by 1965 it had risen to 16 percent. Food output is growing slower than the population explosion. The housing shortage is worse than a decade ago—despite the Alliance for Progress.

Disaffection therefore is more widespread than yesterday and the military coup d'état has become the standard answer to the aspirations of the poor for liberation. Witness Brazil and Argentina with one-half the area's population, both of which are under military rule. Just before the Punta del Este meeting General Ongania in Argentina seized the funds of six unions and abrogated their charters. This is the pattern. Instead of democratic revolution there is a military counter-revolution, aided or tolerated by Washington.

Far from being alarmed by this development the U.S. is secretly elated by it. The military government of Brazil under Castelo Branco and now Costa e Silva is currently Uncle Sam's best friend. It is universally hated by its people, even by some industrialists and oligarchs. Its congress is a sham, lacking even the right to pass on the federal budget. Wages are severely controlled while inflation continues astronomically—43 percent last year. But Washington is enamored of this government because its long-term outlook is so similar to its own. The Brazilian regime, unlike others, consciously aspires to be an economic vassal of the United States.

Roberto Campos, former Brazilian minister of planning, was so favorable to U.S. corporate interests the young people nicknamed him "Robert Fields"—a literal English translation of his name. The solution for western hemisphere problems, as Campos saw it, was to invite U.S. manufacturing firms into the area wholesale. Since these corporations would be more efficient than native capitalists, they would either drive the latter to the wall or force them to become equally productive. In this economic Darwinism the fit would survive, the unfit go out of business, and Campos couldn't care less. Similarly in the rural area, Campos' idea of land reform was to stimulate large-scale capitalist farming to improve productivity. Meantime, as the gross national product expanded, the workers and peasants would wait for some of the largesse to trickle down to them, nothing more.

This is really Washington's own plan for the 19 republics. The "common market" is its lever of implementation.

But this policy is even more short-sighted than the one it replaces because it assumes that the nationalist movement will lie dormant or be suppressed indefinitely. The guerrillas who are active in Guatemala, Peru, Colombia, Venezuela and Bolivia are certainly a long way from power. Opposition in Brazil is carried on in an underground, the work primarily of college youth and a section of the Catholic clergy. Opposition in Argentina has not yet crystallized into anything approaching cohesion. Nationalist successes are few and far between.

Yet the winds are blowing, the nationalist mood widening. At any moment the delicate balances of Latin America can change decisively. The 1,000 green berets in Guatemala or the innumerable U.S. military advisers in various countries may prove just as inadequate to stem the tide as Kennedy's 22,000 "advisers" in Vietnam back in 1963. To operate on the thesis that the U.S. can bypass the national revolution and continue along the old neo-imperialist path is a dangerous folly for which Americans—and the world— will pay dearly in the future.

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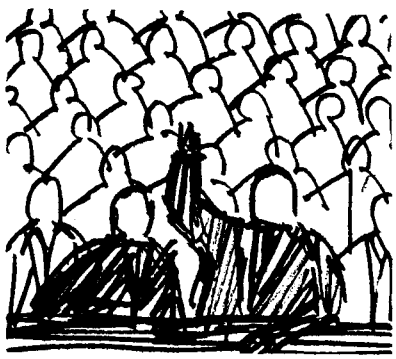
THE SVETLANA ERA

Soviet intellectuals swear "never again"

JERI LABER



I must say that [in the] last 15 years perhaps everybody in our country, especially [the] youngest generation, and also my generation, we became more critical because we perhaps were more free to think and to discuss and to judge about things and events. And the lack of freedom everyone could feel quite evidently.

This simple statement by Svetlana Stalin describes eloquently the intellectual and emotional climate in the Soviet Union since the death of her father. The forthright identification of this outgoing and intelligent woman with the liberal Soviet intelligentsia is ironic evidence that "the Stalin era" has ended. It has been left to Stalin's daughter to express to the world the increasingly insistent aspirations of Soviet artists and writers for an open society.

Svetlana has professed love and respect for her father and a belief that responsibility for the crimes of the Stalin era "was and is the Party's, the regime's and the ideology's as a whole." Her choice of a new life in the West is consistent with her public statements that personal freedom is unattainable within the present Soviet system. In this respect, however, she is not a typical liberal intellectual. During the past year it has become increasingly apparent that the Soviet intellectuals with whom Svetlana identifies are united in a common and courageous stand to change their society from within.

When asked at her first U.S. press conference why she had decided to leave the Soviet Union, Svetlana gave two reasons: second only to the intensely personal circumstances involving her marriage was her reaction to the February 1966 trial and imprisonment of the Soviet writers Andrei Sinyavsky ("Tertz") and Yuli Daniel ("Arzhak") for the "crime" of pseudonymously publishing "anti-Soviet" literature abroad. It was this event which made her "absolutely disbelieve in [Soviet] justice" and lose the hope that "we are going to become liberal somehow."

Svetlana's statement was one of many indications that the Sinyavsky-Daniel trial has had a profound effect on the Soviet intellectual community. Many months after the trial, the texts of letters and petitions, not published but extensively circulated in the Soviet Union, began to reach the West through channels similar to those used by Sinyavsky and Daniel to deliver their works to Western publishers. These documents reveal that the trial, as disillusioning as it was to Svetlana and other intellectuals, did not succeed in its official purpose of deterring Soviet writers from their search for greater freedom, but, instead, provided a rallying point for liberals.

We now know that a number of petitions, appealing for everything from clemency to outright pardon for Sinyavsky and Daniel, were directed to Soviet officials after the trial concluded. A single petition was signed by more than sixty writers, all members of the official Soviet Writers' Union, some older and established, such as Kornei Chukovsky and Ilya Ehrenburg, and some young, such as Yevtushenko, Voznesensky, Akhmadullina, Okudzhava and Solzhenitsyn.

A number of prominent writers offered to appear in Sinyavsky's and Daniel's defense, either as character witnesses or as evaluators of their works. The critical appraisals, now available in the West, are impressive pieces, intellectually and morally. Only one of the offers to testify at the trial was accepted: Viktor Duvakin, a professor at Moscow University, was allowed to appear in Sinyavsky's defense. Six weeks after the trial, Duvakin was fired

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from his university post. It is indicative of the climate in Moscow that his dismissal did not go unnoticed: eighteen scientists and writers telegraphed the Presidium of the 23rd Party Congress protesting "this illogical decision [which] casts a shadow not only on Moscow University but also on the Soviet legal system."

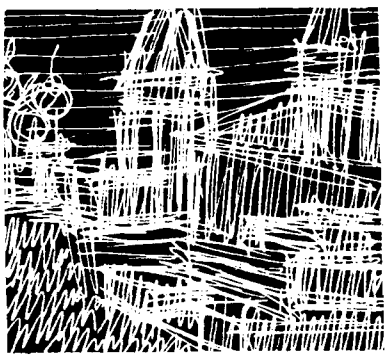
The prosecutor at the trial could find no reputable writers to serve as "public accusers," and had to settle for unknown literary bureaucrats. One professor at Moscow University who did sign a statement condemning Sinyavsky faced a mass walkout by his students the next day when he acknowledged, in response to their questions, that he had done so willingly.

The only prominent Soviet writer who publicly attacked the defendants was Nobel Prize-winner Mikhail Sholokhov. For this he was bitterly criticized by the writer Lidiya Chukovskaya in a letter which was sent to every leading newspaper in the USSR. Although never published, the letter is widely known to the Soviet public: "Literature does not come under the jurisdiction of the criminal court. Ideas should be fought with ideas, not with camps and prisons. This is what you should have said to your listeners if you had really come to the rostrum as a spokesman of Soviet literature. But you spoke as a renegade from it. Your shameful speech will not be forgotten by history. And literature will take its revenge, just as it takes its revenge on everyone who renounces the difficult duty which it imposes. It has condemned you to the worst sentence that exists for an artist—creative sterility. And no honors, money or prizes, national or international, will avert this sentence from your head."

In accusing Sholokhov of wanting to try the two writers "unrestricted by the legal code," Lidiya Chukovskaya stated the new liberal position quite succinctly: "Stalin's contempt for the law cost our people millions of innocent victims. Persistent attempts to return to the rule of law, to strict observance of the spirit and letter of Soviet law, and the progress made in this constitute the most precious achievement of our country during the past ten years. But this is the very achievement of which you wish to rob the people!"

The determination to enforce legality was apparent as soon as word got out that Sinyavsky and Daniel had been arrested. An underground appeal was issued for a public rally in Moscow. Without inhibition, the circular alleged that "government lawlessness in the past has cost the lives and freedom of millions of Soviet citizens," and pointed out that "in this instance there is reason to fear that the law of open legal proceedings may be violated." The rally took place on December 5, 1965, two months before the trial. Although the more than 200 demonstrators who responded were quickly dispersed by the police, public interest in an "open" trial was made plain to the government.

As the illegal excesses in the pretrial investigation and in the trial itself, and in the official newspaper coverage, became evident, protests mounted. Disturbed by articles which quoted the writers out of context and prejudged their guilt, N. Rodnyanskaya, a member of the Writers' Union, was one of many who protested: "I am not acquainted with the writers under investigation, nor have I read their works . . . and, of course, I am not about to judge the nature and extent of their guilt. But I cannot keep from stating complete disagreement with the irresponsible and untactful attempts to interfere in the normal course of legal proceedings and to confuse psychologically those persons entrusted with these duties."



Guilt by association was so basic to the political terrorism of Stalin's day that in those days friends and relatives of the accused tried not to call undue attention to themselves. A series of letters from the defendants' wives, addressed to Soviet officials, legal authorities, the press and even the Chairman of the KGB (State Security Committee), indicate that this is no longer the case. While expressing concern for their own safety, both women were not afraid to complain of the following abuses during the pretrial investigation: they were not permitted to visit their husbands during the first three months of imprisonment; they themselves were threatened with arrest and exile by the investigators; they were officially advised not to retain lawyers since their husbands had already been judged guilty.

They also complained that their phones were being tapped and their mail opened, and that their friends had been warned not to see them and had been told intimate details of their personal lives. In addition, they both expressed concern that their husbands were being tortured in prison. Mrs. Daniel, for example, wrote to the Chairman of the Supreme Court: "Perhaps other lawless actions are being committed of which I am not aware, for my husband is in prison and during this period we have not had one meeting. Where is the guarantee that measures of physical or mental pressures are not being applied to my husband?"

The clumsiness of the criminal proceedings betrayed the complete confusion of a Party leadership, striving to maintain the same absolute control over literature that it had throughout the Stalin era, yet forced by a growing pressure of public opinion to be concerned with legality. Although the initial purpose of punishing the two

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writers was accomplished, it created a furor in Soviet literary circles that has persisted to this day and has forced the Party to make many concessions.

Thus, the long-heralded Congress of Soviet Writers, first planned for early 1966, was postponed at least three times, presumably because tensions in the literary world have been so high. The Congress, the fourth in the Soviet Union's 50-year history, is an event of literary and political significance, and Party leaders were determined to prevent it from being used as a forum for bitter debate. The Congress finally opened on May 22nd; officials asserted that the Sinyavsky-Daniel *affaire* would not be discussed, nor would there be any literary polemics. It appears Party leaders then thought the situation had been brought under control. Yet several writers, including Ilya Ehrenburg, boycotted the Congress, and Sholokhov broke the rule against polemics by attacking these, along with Svetlana.

One wonders if Nikita Khrushchev, when he decided to deliver his famous "secret speech" on the crimes of the Stalin era to the 1956 Party Congress, had foreseen these consequences. His words raised for individual Russians questions of complicity and reponsibility surpassed only by the post-Nazi experience of German society. Soviet intellectuals, who tormented themselves throughout the Stalin era, trying to justify the evils in their society, were suddenly told that the long period of terror was all a horrible mistake, the psychotic aberration of an evil despot's mind. It is no wonder that they are now fiercely determined to seek guarantees of basic freedoms through adherence to the rule of law. And Party leaders, confronting the logical consequences of Khrushchev's revelations, unwilling to revert to wholesale arrests and arbitrary terror, appear to be giving way, step by step, to the surging demands that face them in this new era of Soviet history.

SHOW OF VIOLENCE

THE SCREEN

It's good to have again an old-fashioned crime-and-detection thriller with a timely theme and clues and suspects scattered all over our screens. "Warning Shot" is no world-beater as a movie, but it has an interesting story about a detective accused of being a trigger-happy cop after he shoots and kills a highly-respected doctor. Buzz Kulik has directed his picture with a lively pace and camera angles that add to the interest.

David Janssen, exhausted no doubt by his continuous running in his TV "Fugitive" series, plays the policeman well but has to keep on the go again to prove that the dead doctor did have a gun, although it cannot be found. Film fans, particularly older ones, will be delighted with the classy cast, even though some of these name actors play only bit roles: Lillian Gish doing a big bit and doing it extremely well; Keenan Wynn as Janssen's side-kick who begins to wonder about Janssen; Eleanor Parker as the dead man's alcoholic widow; Ed Begley as the doubting police captain; and many more including George Grizzard, Steve Allen, Joan Collins, Walter Pidgeon, George Sanders, Sam Wanamaker, Stefanie Powers, and on and on. I found some of these players as unnecessary and misleading as the script's false clues and tangential incidents. But I'm no mystery fan, and most viewers should find "Warning Shot" absorbing as well as a reminder that the policeman's lot is not a happy one.

Whether or not viewers will decide that a spy's lot is also an unhappy one won't be clinched by seeing "Triple Cross," which is supposed to be the true story of Eddie Chapman, an English safecracker who became a double agent during World War II. This lengthy film was directed by Terence Young, whose James Bond films, whatever else you may have thought of them, were always fast and exciting; however, "Triple Cross" is strangely flat and suspenseless. Perhaps its script, with its cliché characters and plodding incidents, sticks too closely to the facts. Freed from a prison on the Isle of Jersey, Eddie goes to work for the Germans, is carefully trained, and then dropped into England to do some high class sabotage. But making a better deal with the British Intelligence, Eddie becomes a counterspy and in no time is back in Germany where he is finally accepted again by the suspicious Nazis and is even decorated. What this unlikely, though perhaps true, story needs is some sense of fun, a coy wink every now and then to show that Eddie is interested only in himself, the girl he's sleeping with at the moment, and the side that's going to win the war. Christopher Plummer ambles along somewhat heavily in the lead role, and, though he is surrounded by an outstanding cast (Trevor Howard, Gert Frobe, Yul Brynner, Romy Schneider), none of the people is particularly convincing. Perhaps what real life needs is a James Bond.

And what film makers need is someone to tell them to stop making spy pictures. "Caprice" tries a new angle in this line: it is about industrial espionage. Doris Day and Richard Harris, about as unlikely a twosome for the romance that develops, are spies, counterspies, and triple crossers for two cosmetic companies, one American headed by Jack Kruschen, the other British with Edward Mulhare as the boss. The plot in this movie is so complicated that it's practically impossible to follow; and it's hard to tell whether it's the scriptwriters' fault or if the blame should be put on director Frank Tashlin, who fails to make anything clear about what's going on. Although loaded with slapstick and labeled as a comedy, "Caprice" is quite unfunny; and the murders and violent

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stuff don't add much to the humor. The picture has some lovely color photography of Paris and the Swiss countryside, but unfortunately this DeLuxe Color is cruel to Miss Day, whose hair-do, make-up, and mod dresses are all wrong for anyone even vaguely interested in cosmetics. But maybe she's supposed to be an anti-advertisement for the other firm.

With a plot almost as senseless as the one in "Caprice," "Don't Make Waves" seems to be trying to show us what life and love are like along the coast in Southern California. What they're like in the film is enough to make most people stay out of this state. I didn't read Ira Wallach's novel, *Muscle Beach,* on which the movie is based, but if its story is as foolish as the one in the movie, I don't intend to. After Claudia Cardinale wrecks Tony Curtis' car, she takes Tony to her beach house, but has to put him out when her lover, Robert Webber, shows up. So Tony goes to work for Webber, who sells swimming pools. When Tony falls in love with the well-stacked sky diver, Sharon Tate, he steals her from muscle man, David Draper. But everything comes out all right in the end when Tony's new house falls in the Pacific. You have to see it to believe it. It's worse than "The Happening."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

CLOSING THE CURTAIN

THE STAGE

The Broadway season came to a more or less official end with a lugubrious item called "The Girl in the Freudian Slip." It concerned the difficulties of a psychiatrist in a counter-transference quandary, though that is putting it much more technically than the psychiatrists in the play would have been able to comprehend. Dr. Dewey Maugham, played by Alan Young, and Dr. Wellman, played by Russell Nype, obviously learned all their psychiatry from overheard conversations in Chinese restaurants, with perhaps a quick glance at the Modern Library Freud. William F. Brown is the author of the play, and to give him credit for the one thing that occurs to me, he at least did not pepper the farce with the sort of pornographic jokes one might expect. Unfortunately, he did not pepper it with any jokes whatsoever. The characters regularly gave appropriate signals to the audience (moues and grimaces) that a gag line had been delivered but other than one lady who laughed herself into convulsions no one in the theater seemed able to respond beyond a polite titter, and by the end of the show the silence was embarrassing.

The word that kept occurring to me throughout the performance was "Television! Television!" All the actors

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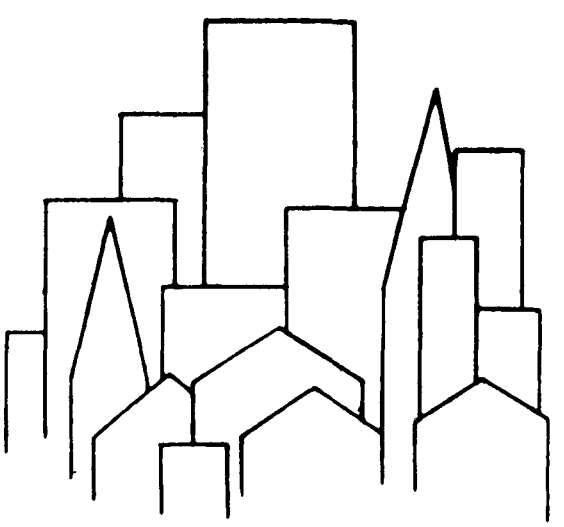

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had that vaguely familiar but nameless look of television "personalities." And correctly enough. Alan Young, for example, was star of a TV program entitled "Mister Ed" and if I were able to identify him at all it would have been as Mister Ed—though in point of fact Mister Ed was the name of a talking horse in a program that also starred Alan Young. But the play itself had a distinctly television feel about it—something whipped together for the next taping session, and if it's not really ready yet, too bad. I think the one thing though that enables me to feel vindictive about the play rather than sad was the presence of that horrendous cliché, the pert teen-age miss who steps to the footlights at intervals to deliver supposedly whimsical judgments on her parents. The next one I see I am going to shoot. Take the role at your own risk, little missy. (*Closed at the Booth Theatre.*)

Off-Broadway concluded the season on at least a comparatively successful note. The slightest of the final offerings is a "small musical extravaganza" entitled "In the Nick of Time," which is really more of a night club turn than anything else. It runs only about an hour playing time and is performed entirely by two players, Sue Lawless and Ted Pugh, with the assistance of a pianist. Miss Lawless and Mr. Pugh have those prime assets of the comedian—faces that put you into a mood of good-humored expectation. They enter upon their act with expressions of dignity contending mightily with timidity that you know, happily, can only end in one disaster after another. And they go about their chores with that determined incompetence that is not quite entirely simulated. The first half of the program is devoted to popular songs of the '20s or thereabouts, gently spoofed with non-functioning props and Miss Lawless' magnificent independence as Mr. Pugh's accompanist. The second half of the program, with a real pianist assisting, is devoted to a series of brief skits culminating in a take-off of a Radio City Music Hall stage show as performed energetically by a cast of two. There is a bar adjacent to the theater, which might well make the evening a thoroughly hilarious one. (*At Stage 73.*)

Tom Coble's serious drama, "A Time for the Gentle People," was stomped on by the daily reviewers and it is hard to quarrel with them seriously. The play is flawed with a number of minor as well as major difficulties. It is concerned with the relationship of two brothers. The older brother, a former football hero from Ole Miss, has come to New York for an acting career and wound up as a drunken tenement superintendent. The shrewd younger brother has risen to affluence and political power back in Mississippi and comes to New York to inveigle his brother back to a little Southern comfort and corruption. Big brother wavers and, of course, refuses, and if you were given any satisfactory reason as to why he refuses the play just might click. But his infatuation with the theater—as well as with his mistress—seems minimal, and the suggestion that he stays to be a Real Person and help his squabbling and psychotic neighbors seems at best demented. Tom Coble comes off better as an actor—playing the role of the ambitious brother—than he does as a playwright. (*At the Theatre East.*)

"The Coach with the Six Insides" opened originally in New York in 1962 and has been traveling to what it advertises as international acclaim ever since. It is a dance-mime-dramatic entertainment inspired by Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*. It would be foolhardy to recommend it to other than convinced Joyce fans, and even among them the purists would more likely be offended than pleased. But, purism aside, it is a fascinating evening in the theater. Joyce's dream language reverberates with its half-grasped meanings and its outrageous puns, and the curious thing about it is that as the evening progresses it all seems to make more and more sense. The final great soliloquy of Anna Livia Plurabelle in her character as the River Liffey merging into the sea, her "cold mad feary father," is magnificently delivered (by Margaret Beals on the evening I attended). It alone makes the evening worthwhile. The musical accompaniment, by Teiji Ito, is excellent and manages to make itself unobtrusive when the speaking parts take over. The shadowy backdrops are beautifully allusive to the spirit of Joyce's strange book. But ultimately it is Joyce's words which make the evening, and it all goes to show that genius is still your best entertainment. (*At the East 74th Street Theatre.*)

WILLIAM JAMES SMITH

JOHN MOFFITT

WHEREVER I SPEED

In the wake of small vessels
In the white glittering
On the glass-dark wave
Always I am moving,

By the sparse lonely willows
By the low green bending
Through the foam parted
And whirled swiftly backwards:

As I spin down the valleys
As I scale the stormclouds
Wherever I speed
About this earth's body,

In the wake of small vessels
In the white glittering
On the glass-dark wave
Always I am moving.

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BOOKS

Is McLuhan a medium?

The Medium Is the Massage

MARSHALL McLUHAN &
QUENTIN FIORE

Random House, $10.95

MARTIN GREEN

There is nothing new by McLuhan in this book. There is very little that is old, either, for most of the space is given up to non-verbal effects (very handsome), photographic, typographic, etc.

The reviewer is therefore obliged to make some sort of statement about McLuhan in general, or McLuhanism. This is difficult, mostly for the difficulty of finding a satisfactory tone to take. I don't want to imply that he is "right"—a major figure, to be taken seriously—for he is not right enough for that. But if I imply he is wrong, I'm afraid of sounding zealous or pompous. For one thing, I doubt if he is a large enough figure to deserve zeal, when viewed from the elevation of one's moral-historical soap-box. But I'm equally afraid of sounding snide, like *Newsweek*.

I think McLuhan brings to our attention a lot of interesting ideas; for instance, about the importance of the visual-rational mode of experience in Western civilization, and of alphabetization and printing, and of the privatizing of experience by means of literature. In my own line of work, I find it very useful to connect this dominance of visual and rational modes (graphs and charts) with writers like Jane Austen and Benjamin Franklin; and to connect the privatizing of experience (fantasies and solitary musings) with writers like the Brontes and Hawthorne or Melville. And in other lines of work other applications must be possible. These are ideas of enormous size, and the fact that other people developed them before McLuhan is irrelevant. I at least did not know about them before, and so I at least must be grateful to him for presenting them.

The manner in which he presents them of course affronts the decorum of serious discourse in our culture, in many ways, including the criteria of accuracy and of logic. This in itself seems to me a good thing. Decorums, even at their most valuable, exist partly to be affronted; such incidents generate intellectual excitement and energy. And really serious discourse is not going to suffer from it. The manner itself prevents that.

McLuhan offers us an intellectual vaudeville act. And just as a brilliant vaudeville act is much more satisfying to one's general intelligence, and to one's specifically theatrical sensibility, than a dully academic performance of Shakespeare, so *The Gutenberg Galaxy* is far more satisfying, far more substantial, than even a good Ph.D. thesis-turned-book on literature or history. So when the intellectual establishment declares war on McLuhan, there is reason to put oneself on his side against them.

On the other hand, he cannot be taken seriously. He is right to point out that other ways of being serious are imaginable than those accepted in our culture. But that alone does not convince us that *his* way is an adequate alternative; and in fact it surely is not. He apparently *thinks* he is being serious, but to know his intention is no more conclusive here than in other cases where imaginative response is under consideration. The critic ultimately decides who achieves seriousness, and McLuhan, ultimately as well as immediately, does not. Because of the nonsense of some of his major concepts (like the hot-cool media distinction), because of the evasiveness of his position on major issues, above all because of the frivolity of his comic manner. He has in effect isolated the factor of change in our cultural situation. This is certainly a large factor, of great importance of some kind, but in order to devote serious attention to it we have to think, change from what and to what? and McLuhan's definitions here are no more than picturesque labels—if one is talking of *serious* attention.

Of course I receive many appeals to close the ranks of the intellectual establishment, to help stamp out McLuhans, to save young minds from ruin. But I know no one who takes McLuhan's ideas more seriously than they should, and I know many people who should be taking them more openly than they are, making themselves more ready to learn from them. Of the millions I don't know, who cite him as an authority, who justify crazy moral and intellectual antics by him, I must confess I assume they are less serious than they themselves know. I assume they are playing a game against their seniors and *their* seriousness, just using him. And that is one of the many things McLuhan is good for.

The Story of an
Asian Guerrilla Leader
Who Forsook Communism
to Return to the
Catholicism of His Youth

HE WHO RIDES THE TIGER

By Luis Taruc

Introduction by Douglas Hyde

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Educated American Women: Self-Portraits

ELI GINZBERG &
ALICE M. YOHALEM

Columbia Univ. Press, $5.95

ROSEMARY F. DEEN

In 1960, Eli Ginzberg and his associates began a study of the career development of talented persons. The women in the group immediately objected to the exclusive focus on career. Their varied work experience could not be seen in that focus. Taking the hint, Mr. Ginzberg and associates confined their first book about talent and performance to the men and devoted a second study to the life styles of educated women. Now still a third possibility appeared. The women, "more introspective in their replies and more articulate than the men," had supplied the scholars with more material than they needed for their scientific inquiry. They decided to "weave" some of these replies into portraits.

Why is such a book valuable? The facts about the development of these women, which are of the greatest possible interest, are properly found in the earlier scientific study. As autobiographies, on the other hand, these are rather bleached specimens, written—even when there may be deep joys or deep complaints—in a "public" language of sweet reasonableness.

But the portraits are interesting (every woman I have told about the book has asked to borrow it). Like the illustrative stories in a medieval sermon, they are *exempla.* What do they illustrate? To answer this, we must notice how the scholars have changed the major organizing categories from the first two books to the present one. The "life styles" of the first two books are types that enable Mr. Ginzberg to pursue his long-time study of the interaction of the psychological and sociological determinants of work. Those styles are basically the same for women as for men. In the present work, however, the women appear in new guises: as planners, recasters, adapters and the unsettled. This book, obviously, uses more than the extra material from the women's questionnaire; it also develops further what the scholars learned to be the difference between the life patterns of men and women in American society.

Our social expectation for men is that they will work; for women that they will marry and raise a family. But, as the second study pointed out, "there is considerably more tolerance in our society for women who remain single than for men who remain idle." The more complicated lives of women might suggest more problems. But Mr. Ginzberg is too clear-sighted to head into that swamp. It is more meaningful that women "face" a larger number of significant choices. These self-portraits, then, are neither scientific nor literary, but are paradigms which permit us to see the operation of choice.

The interaction of the scholars' briefly outlined definitions of planning and adapting with the richly illustrative self-portraits, and the kind of implicit comment that one self-portrait makes on others is fascinating. For an example of the way life expands definition, look at "the planners." For most of us, planners are other people. It is a comfortable stereotype of sky-beings with god-like perspective who achieve foreseen success—clearly impossible for us humans, for whom *muddle* is the world below. But the fantasy that planning must anticipate in detail and be fully conscious and rational comes apart in the light of the portraits.

One woman has no recognizable specialization in college and appears to change her course of study several times. She finally makes a career out of non-specialization. Another woman decides to study medicine, though she was "not particularly adept at sciences." Her goals carried her past her immediate needs. One woman was a musician from childhood; another had a series of limited goals. To understand the patterns that finally emerge we must come to see that planning is not a one-time but a human, an organic act. For the planners, "the actions they take and their reactions to their experiences reveal an unfolding quality in their lives."

This seems an optimistic book, showing in the portraits a staggering total of energy, a steadily renewed persistence and flexibility, and a purposiveness intelligently threaded through life's contingencies. After all this, the last series of lives, the unsettled, are upsetting. But as there are no empty categories, so there is no wasted direction in this book. All is not progress, and at the end, the counterforces that the reader feels in many of the lives, threatening the serenity of the type and the scholars' clear good sense—these counterforces emerge after all and are recognized in the final self-portraits. Society's task is not self-congratulation but growth. A good sociological book, like a good problem play, ought to leave the reader unsettled.

Christ and Church

M. J. GUILLOU, O.P.

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HAMISH SWANSTON

Even in the best patrologies, like that of Quasten, the Fathers often appear as dead men talking to dead men of battles long ago. It was the greatness of de Lubac's *L'Exégèse Mediévale* (Paris, Aubier, 1959-61), that methods of scriptural commentary so alien to the modern exegete as those of the Fathers, particularly typological and allegorical methods, were made almost immediately sympathetic. This book ought to have been the signal for a renewal of patristic exegetical procedures. But in general there has been no such renascence. Père Guillou's book seems to be one of the first to employ the insights of de Lubac in a work of popularization.

It may be that this book, despite its unprepossessing jacket, will interest new readers in de Lubac's work, and perhaps even prompt some enterprising publisher to sponsor a translation of *L'Exégèse Mediévale*. However for now we have Guillou's presentation of the great theme of Christ, the Wisdom of God in the Church. He takes this central concept in christology in a grand sweep of theologizings from the New Testament authors' realization of the meaning of the Old Testament up to yesterday's debates about *Mystic: Corporis;* (it is a pity that the recent Council's document on the Church was not available for discussion

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when Guillou was making his final version, though it is becoming more generally said that it is in other Council documents, for example that on the Modern World, that the dynamism of the Church is better expressed).

Guillou begins with an alert reading of the inter-testamental literature, like the Ethiopian *Enoch, IV Esdra,* and *Baruch,* which affirm the hidden pre-existence in heaven of the Messiah of the final coming, the Messiah who is known now only to his chosen men. Guillou relates this secret Messiah-figure to the Old Testament talk of Wisdom as the personal participator in creation and the keeper of cosmic order. Following Cerfaux's analysis of Christ bearing within himself a secret which is the design of the divine wisdom (a secret only to be known by his committed men now, but destined to be known to all at the apocalyptic moment), Guillou shows that this concept of Christ is not to be discovered in the gospels as "a formal identification of Christ with Wisdom" but in the common idea of "the complete manifestation of Wisdom in Christ."

This is a somewhat dense section of exposition of difficult matters but it leads well into a discussion of the Pauline concept of Christ as the Wisdom of the Father. The analysis of the letter to the men of Colossae is very well done—and in the next section one discovers why it is so well done. Guillou has read his Ignatius, Melito, and Irenaeus with great profit; they, and Origen, without doubt the greatest exegete that the Church has known, have taught Guillou the resonances of scripture and given him the necessary open awareness of the text.

He can now affirm, from the quantity of patristic commentary he has expounded, the secret of Wisdom now among us: "Christ has come as the creative Word and as the Wisdom which is immanent in all things; He has come in the Scriptures which foretold Him; He has come in the flesh; and now He comes in the Church through the Word and the Eucharist, while awaiting His coming in the plenitude at the end of time." Such Origenesque sentiments Guillou makes his own, and from this broad understanding he can comment on the particulars within this saving history of Wisdom. He can speak freshly on the character of the Church, and of our participation in this character. Guillou shows how the Fathers habitually spoke of the Church as "Communion." He has a magnificent command of his sources, and an engaging habit of acknowledging all his debts to other scholars, and presents patristic witness in abundance for his traditional understanding of the nature of the Church. This total view makes good reading between the alternate shouts of "Freedom" and "Institution" that always at my back I hear.

Guillou then moves to an exposition of the ecclesiology of Aquinas. He prefaces his analysis of the prologue to the *Commentary on the Sentences* with a moving account of St. Thomas' inaugural lecture (which ended in a prayer that he might communicate to men the Wisdom of God). His account of Aquinas shows him (as does every account of the man rather than of the system which his "followers" put in place of the man) to be a theologian of enormous biblical and patristic vigor, aware of his responsibilities to hand on the tradition he had received and aware of his responsibilities not to close questions which were properly open. Guillou sums up the Thomistic tradition (that is, what St. Thomas handed on) in ecclesiology as a sacramental tradition in ways much like that of Semmelroth: "It is impossible to separate the life of the Church from its structures, since the Eucharist is at the same time life and structure."

At this point it becomes clear that Guillou has written a decidedly Dominican book, not simply because of his championship of Aquinas, or his formulation of the relation of life and institution in phrases most similar to those of Father Herbert McCabe in his last *New Blackfriars* editorial, but because in the last chapter we suddenly realize that a fight is on. Fr. Tromp is the adversary and his concept of the Church as the juridical instrument of Christ the jousting place, and while it would be rash to pronounce him beaten certainly there are some hard knocks taken. And I doubt if many readers will discover a sympathy with the efforts of the ubiquitous Père

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Bouyer once they have come to Guillou's description of his "attempts at salvaging the Thomistic position," which "have only made it the more untenable." It is a sign of the power of Guillou's scholarly analysis of the ecclesiology of Aquinas that such judgments of such men can be accepted without demur.

There is happiness for most, at any rate, in Guillou's appraisal of Aquinas. It is pleasant to learn how very much in accord with the patristic and medieval saints the present theology of the Church is, and that, while the hieratic structures of Bellarmine retain their worth, they are to be interpreted in the light of the communion within which each of us says with Origen: "I, a man of the Church, living in the faith of Christ, and placed in the midst of the Church. . . . "

After the War

DANIEL STERN

Putnam's, $5.95

SEYMOUR EPSTEIN

When Richard Stone comes home from the war (W. W. II—one must be careful to label one's wars these days), he is in what Henry James called "that most interesting condition"—fatally ill. So the army doctors told him. The "degenerative nerve disease" they diagnosed would kill him in time, but *what* time is left an open-ended question. Life having defaulted on its standard contract, Richard quite understandably feels under no obligation to honor the usual stipulations of living. He decides to play it his way. "Disconnectionism" is the name of the game, and the idea, as Richard sees it, is to take what you absolutely need to do what you absolutely must.

This is the young man and these are the post-war circumstances of Daniel Stern's excellent new novel *After the War*. Technically speaking, one can't help admire the way the author had devised to keep his hero loose in a time of enormous flux and change. Having just made his contribution to finishing off Hitler, who is to accuse him of irresponsibility? If he is going to die, why not get to the basics as quickly as possible? The basics, for Richard, consist of food, lodging, love, and getting down on paper what he calls "sketches"—and the very limitation of Richard's literary ambition underlines the private nature of his quest.

He is not going to write the 600-page, blazing account of "How it was." He is not going to break through to a new dimension of the novel. He just wants to pin down a thing, a person, a mood, when it affects him. As Richard (or the author) puts it " . . . the novel not only takes place in time, it creates a kind of theology of time; a canonization of what is past. Length alone does this. Length means continuity and continuity means tomorrow flowing from yesterday. But what this slights is: today. That is where the sketch enters. All that is impermanent, undecided, full of mobility, potentiality, independent of time, in short—disconnected: there is the sketch."

Authors are notoriously susceptible to their hero's style, and Mr. Stern is no exception. *After the War* is full of sketches. The sketch of a diminutive girl poet who balances very precariously between creativity and suicide. The sketch of the hero's defecting father, who becomes through a series of real and imaginary epistolary exchanges the "old artificer" Joyce addresses in the last line of "A Portrait Of The Artist As a Young Man"—that real or self-created progenitor who will stand the venturing spirit ". . . now and ever in good stead." And there's the sketch of the old man who would like humanity to lend him its ear so that he can scream into it the apocalyptic news that the world has become a charnel house.

One can pick and choose among these sketches. They are not uniformly suc-

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REVIEWERS

MARTIN GREEN is the author of *The Problem of Boston* (Norton).

ROSEMARY F. DEEN teaches in the School of General Studies, Queens College.

FATHER HAMISH SWANSTON is a member of Birmingham Oratory.

SEYMOUR EPSTEIN is author of the forthcoming *Caught in That Music* (Viking).

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cessful. But it is Richard, finally, who should—and does—concern the reader: his friends, the girl he loves, and most of all the sensibility which is caught up and flurried like a scrap in the wake of the monstrous train which has just hurtled through history. What the author makes clear is that the size, speed, and destructiveness of that train have reduced us all below the level of tragic possibility. Measured against what has already happened, the individual act becomes at best a personal annotation.

If *After the War* doesn't show us the way out, neither has any other novel. We know now that novels will never do this. But by showing us accurately and artistically the way things were—and are—the good novelist moves the spirit an iota in the direction it must ultimately go.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 379)

over-reaction) the unhappy and false dichotomy between contemplation and social involvement found for so long in the Church. The fruits of this Mary and Martha spirituality are today found in the non-praying laity that Mr. Novak notes and also in the men and women who leave religious life to find "the real world."

If the modern Christian is told that his energy is wasted in looking for God, and that prayer is primarily openness to the reality of other persons, he may either believe what he is told and stop looking or, in an excess of disbelief, repudiate and withdraw from a world that apparently has no place for God. Either choice will be disastrous for both the Christian and the world.

J.E. MCWILLIAM

Menlo Park, Cal.

To the Editors: "Prayer," writes Michael Novak (April 28), "is, then, fundamentally an orientation of the will." This is fine to assert. But will such advice ever be followed? The prayer of petition is surely a more instinctive form of prayer than the sort of intellectual exercise which he suggests. It is the only kind of prayer which children know. And I suspect that where the habit of prayer runs deep it finds an important place.

Man cannot escape his dependence—on chance, if not on God. Friendship, love, happiness, belief, all that is vitally important in life cannot be obtained through a deliberate purpose to acquire them. A man who acknowledges his dependence through a prayer of petition is facing life as it is. Moreover, as I understand it, man's dependence on God has always been an essential theme in Christian belief. In the opening words of Genesis we find it expressed in the metaphor of the creation of man from clay. And is it not an aspect of the mystery of the redemption? A self-sufficient people would not have needed to be saved.

It is certainly desirable to mature in our practice of prayer, but I doubt if this requires that we outgrow "asking for things." It should be remembered that when the disciples asked Christ how to pray he taught them the Our Father, which is a prayer of petition. . . .

MICHAEL MURPHY

West De Pere, Wisc.

To the Editors: Michael Novak should be commended for writing an article about prayer—an almost old-fashioned subject today. However, our own traditions of prayer—rooted in the Bible—should not be ignored, even in so short an article.

For example, Mr. Novak's statement, "Prayer, then, is fundamentally an orientation of the will," jolts one with its man-centered emphasis when it is combined with a later one: "The reason for praying is to become more realistic, more open, more discerning."

The most authentic prayer of the Jews and the early Christian communities was essentially God-centered, and found its expression in the prayer of *praise* and *thanksgiving* (berakah-eucharistia). The scriptures—including the sayings of Jesus—abound with examples of this type prayer. It is this same tradition—not the 'Gimme' form—which make up the most ancient kernel of our Christian liturgies.

Likewise, we might gather from the Bible that our own tradition of prayer—unlike the eastern religions—is in its deepest roots a *personal* prayer. This is why we can address God in terms of shepherd, spouse and father. Prayer for the Christian is not a psychological help, a spiritual bromo-seltzer, or any other kind of tranquilizer. Rather, it represents man's greatest and eternal quest to seek personal contact with the Other (contemplation), who above all is to be blessed by man for his works, to be praised and given thanks. The Christian, released by grace from egotism, can say with unique faith, "Let us bless the Lord."

The problem, it seems, is not to kill our tradition, or even change it, but simply to find out for ourselves what its authentic roots are.

(REV.) FRANK MCQUILKIN, O. PRAEM.

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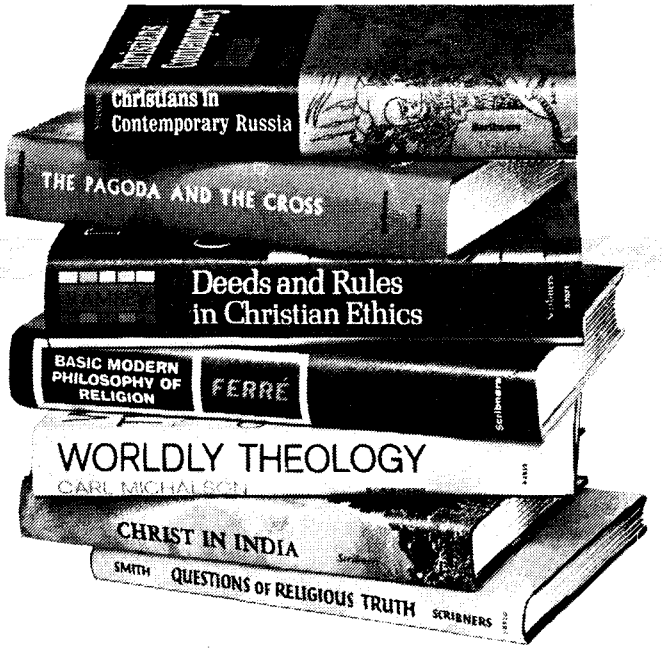

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